

The Tom-Tit,

Or something to please every Body.

Being a Collection of Intire New Songs, which are
not to be met with in any other.

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Printed for the Use of the Choice Spirits.

The Jolly Beggar.

A BEGGAR, a Beggar, a Beggar
 I'll be, (than he
 There's none leads a life more jocund
 A Beggar I was, and a Beggar I am,
 A Beggar i'll be, from a Beggar I came,
 If as it begins our trading does fall
 We in the Conclusion must Beggars
 be all; (Affairs,
 Tradesmen are unfortunate in their
 And few Men are thriving but Cour-
 tiers and Players. (Mother,
 A Craver my Father, a Mumper my
 A Filler my Sister, a Filcher my brother
 A Canter my Uncle, that car'd not for
 Pelf; (self.
 A Lifter my Aunt and a Beggar my-
 In white wheaten Straw when their
 Bellies were full,
 Then I was begot between Tinker
 and Trull; (I'll be
 And therefore a Beggar a Beggar
 For none leads a Life more jocund
 than he. (Intent is
 When Boys come to us, and that their
 To follow our Trade, we ne'er bind
 'em Penitence; (too do't,
 Soon as they came to't we teach them
 And give them a Staff and a Wallet to
 boot; (and to cant,
 We teach them their Lingu to crave
 The Devil is in them if ever they want,
 And for he or she, that Beggars will be,
 Without an Indenture they shall be
 made free. (it happens
 We beg for our Bread, yet sometimes
 it happens and Capons;
 We feast it on Pig, Pullet, Honey,
 In Church Affairs, we are no Men
 slayers, (our Prayers,
 We follow no Religion, yet live by
 But if, when be beg, Men won't draw
 their Purcs, (of Curses,
 We charge and give Fire with a Volley

The devil confound your right worshi
 we cry,
 And such a brazen sac'd Beggar am I
 We do Things in Season, and have
 much Reason, (Treason
 We raise no Rebellion, nor ever tall
 We bill all our Mates at a very low
 Rates, (high as the Gates
 While some keep their Quarters a
 With Shinkin ap Morgor, or Blue Cap
 or Teague: (League
 We into no Covenant enter, nor
 And therefore a jolly brisk Beggar I be
 For none leads a life more jocund than
 he. (the Hedges
 For such petty Pledges as Shirts from
 We are not in pain to be drawn upon
 Sledges, (us to Skin
 But sometimes the whip doth make
 And then from Tithing to Tyburn we
 trip. (do bib it,
 But when in a poor Boozing ken we
 We stand more in dread of the Stocks
 then the Gibbet (I'll be
 And therefore a merry mad Beggar
 For when it is Night in a Barn tum-
 bles he. (do faulter,
 We throw down no Altar, nor ever
 So much as to charge a Gold Chain
 for a Halter. (do doubt us,
 Tho' some Men do flout us and others
 We commonly hear Forty Pieces
 about us. (look fiercer,
 But many good Fellows are fine and
 That owe for their Cloaths to the
 Taylor and Mice.
 And if from the Stocks I can keep
 out my Feet (or the Fleet.
 I fear not the Counter, King's Bench
 Sometimes I do frame myself to be
 lame; (my game,
 And when a Coach comes, I hop to
 We seldom miscarry or ever do marry
 By the Gown Common Prayer, or

Cloak Dictionary. (Feather,
 But Simon and Susan, like birds of a
 They kiss and laugh, and so lie down
 together; (they lie,
 Like Pigs in the Pea straw entangled
 Until they begit such a bold Rogue
 as I.

A New Song,
 On the Gipsy, and Elizabeth Canning.

WHO has once been at London
 must needs know the Place,
 Where Virtue resides, tho' unfurnish'd
 with Grace; (stares,
 From out of the Lattice the Virgin she
 With Front made of Metal alike to
 the M-y-rs.

Sing tanterer rarer maskall &c.
 Not far from the place a Great House
 meets the Eye,

Where Lordship keeps state, and sits
 mounted on high,

There the Squire of the Bar and the
 Knight of the Chain,

Think to baffle the truth, but alas
 think in vain. Sing &c.

A Lads of course Mould, yet of beauty
 enough, (care not for Buff,
 I mean in her Cloaths, for Thieves
 Yet what their Employers commanded
 they say,

The Russians comply'd with and bore
 her away. Sing &c.

O'er Fields and thro' Tarnpikes, they
 dragg'd her along,

And brought her to Endfield, for so
 says my song. (ugly,

A learned Egyptian of Aspect most
 Would have her to join as a Prostitute
 Smugly. Sing &c.

Then the wretched old Gipsy finding
 her denial (Trial

Resolved to overcome to make a stout
 So pull'd her up Stairs, and a Month

left her there;

Till she jump'd thro' the Window and
 came to the Mayor. Sing &c.

The Gipsy was try'd as well as Mo-
 ther Wells,

Where rhe Girl was confin'd and the
 Wretch did dwell,

They both were condemn'd, one was
 burnt in the Paw,

And the other to die by the end of
 the Law. Sing &c.

But since this is past, many quite cun-
 ning Elves, (themselves;

Will not be content to believe for
 But will ram party Interest down

Englishmen's Throats,
 But we hope soon to make them all
 alter their Notes. Sing &c.

Then God prosper long all good just
 Jury-men,

And confound all those brawlers who
 truth would condemn,

May Justice prevail, and may Gipsies
 all fall,

With those who support them, and
 so that is all. Sing &c.

The Jews Triumph, a Ballad.

IN seventeen hundred and fifty-
 three,

The style it was chanced to P-p-y.
 But that it is lik'd we don't all agree.

Which nobody can deny, &c.

When the country folk first heard of
 this act, (to be rack'd,

That old father style was condemn'd
 And rob'd of his time, which appears

to be fact. which nobody, &c.

It puzzl'd their brains, their fables
 perplex'd, (much vex'd

And all the old Ladies were very
 Not dreaming that Levities would
 alter our text.

Which nobody can deny, &c.

But! Lord how surpriz'd when they
heard of the news,

That we were to be servants to cir-
cumcis'd Jews,

To be Negroes and Slave instead of
True Blues. Which nobody, &c.

Your wifes, and your daughters a spoil
to this Crew. (you,

Despis'd by all nations, but courted by
A curst set of Locust, excepting but
few. Which nobody, &c.

By tricking and sharpening, they trea-
sure have got, (out of a Plot;

And have cunning enough to keep
But if they get Money they care not a
jot. Which nobody, &c.

That Money you know, is a principal
thing, (interest bring,

It will pay a Duke's Mortgage, or
And in voting, 'tis plain, it leaves no
great sting. Which nobody, &c.

That Jews have the Mammon, all
Christendom knows,

But are not to be trusted, but just as
that goes,

For as god's to be got they are both
friends or foes.

Which nobody can deny, &c.
Are these then the People that's mark'd

with the Brands,
That the C-g-y have preach'd shall

(inherit no land,
Which now they have gain'd against
God's Command.

Which nobody can deny, &c.
Why the Bishops are mute at what

they have preach'd,
Is beyond comprehension, and not to
be reach'd,

Except Jew's Presentations reverting to
Each. Which nobody, &c.

Great — the Dives the Prince of the
Tribes, (of B—s:

Who understands C—, and the nature

Found his way to the Helm, that the
Man of War guides,

Which nobody can deny, &c.
But, 'tis hop'd that a Mark will be set
upon those (Christian's Foes,

Who were Friends to the Jews, and
That the Nation may see how Deism

grows. Which nobody, &c.
Then cheer up your Spirits, let Jaco-
bites swing, (when they ring,

And Jews in our Bell Ropes hang
To our Sovereign Lord Great George

our King.
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

A New Song,
Sung by Mr. Wilder on his Benefit

Night.

A Slave to the fair from my Child-
hood I've been, (Chin,

Before the soft Down appear'd on my
And it's from Experience all Matters

are known,
I've found them all kind, (to Jone:

I've found them all kind from Clarinda
I'll strive to convince ye, by Dent of

That Women love Kissing, (the Pen,
That Women love Kissing, (the Men.

That Women love Kissing as well as
Young Chloe was artful, but Scruples

she had,
I woo'd her so closely she yielded egad,
And now you'll be constant she whim-

per'd and cry'd
I knew what I thought
I knew what I thought, so I smiling

reply'd (her again;
My Dear, can you doubt it and kiss'd

For Women love Kissing,
For Women love Kissing (the Men.

For Women love Kissing as well as
Chaste Celia devoutly read Lectures

to me,

She wonder'd what Pleasure in Kissing
could be, (her mind,

I press'd her to try it, and then speak
She made so sweet Proofs,

She made so sweet Proofs, and grew
instantly kind,

Then answer'd me softly I'll try it
For Women love Kissing, (again,

For Women love Kissing, (the Men.
For Women love Kissing as well as

That Women are cruel is all a Mistake,
For every Female at Heart is a Rake,

'Tis conduct ye lovers the Daniel
Stick close to her Lips, (secures

Stick close to her Lips she's infallibly
yours: (Twenty to Ten,

And search thro' the Sex, I'll lay
All Women love Kissing,

All Women love Kissing, (the Men.
All Women love Kissing as well as

The New Shawn Bree.

YE Ladies so pritty so wanton so
witty,

Who like to Indulge Inclination,
No longer are thy when they once

come to try,
The ravishing touch Titulation;

Thou' in fetter the Prude, will cry Sir
you are rude,

And turn away as scornful as can be,
But in private she'll take in her arms

the dear Rake, (Bree,
And except over-joy'd of his Shawn

Ye Virgins be wiser don't live like the
Miser,

The Pleasures of Beauty untasting,
The Diamond tho' fine whilst hid in

the Mine, (wasting;
So no end there the Brilliant lies

But when brought into use it will
Pleasure produce,

And sparkle as bright as bright can be,
But no Brilliant so rare can ever com-

pare
To the Jewells dependant on Shawn

The Girl of Fifteen pined with Sick-
ness call'd Green,

This Elixir Salutaris will raise Sir,
It's the Doctor adored by each Fair

one procured,
And a Medicine for every Disease Sir;

To a dying poor Creature this Clyster
of Nature, (be,

Administred as warm as warm can
Old or Young, Rich or Poor 'twill

certainly cure (Bree,
By injecting the juice of your Shawn

When Confession is done between
Friar and Nun,

Absolution lays down to receive Sir,
First he enters her Cell and sprinkles it

well, (Sir;
And absolves her as Adam did Eve

Since sinning I use such absolving I
chuse,

It's Punishment pleasing as can be,
Doctor Dominick hear a fond Peni-

tent's Prayer (Shawn Bree.
Let my Penance each Night be a

complaint
A New Song.

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to rope good Wine,

Let us offer up a Hoghead
Unto our Master's Shrine,

And a Topin we will go, &c.
Then let us drink, and never think,

For I'll give a Reason why;
'Tis a great Sin to leave a House,

Till we've drank the Cellar dry,
And a Toping, &c.

In Times of old I was a Fool,
I drank the Water clear,

But Bacchus took me from that Rule,
He thought 'twas too severe.

And a Toping, &c.
He fill'd a Goblet to the Brim,

And bade me take a Sup;
 But had it been a Gallon Pot,
 By Jove I'd toss'd it up.
 And a Topping, &c.
 And ever since that happy Time,
 Good Wine has been my Cheer;
 Now nothing puts me in a Swoon,
 But Water, or small Beer!
 And a Topping, &c.
 Then let us tope about, my Boys,
 And never flinch, nor fly;
 But fill our Skins brimful of Wine,
 And drane the Bottles dry.
 And a Topping, &c.

*The Maid's Lamentation for
 the Loss of her Sweetheart
 Jemmy the Drummer.*

NOW dear Madam I am come
 To beat a Trivalley on your
 Drum.
 Betwixt my Fore Finger and my Thumb
 I'll beat a Trivalley, dear Madam.
 Be valiant still, be valiant stout and bold.
 Be valiant still, &c.
 Young Jemmy's gone to Portsmouth
 And left me here in Grief to moan;
 In Sorrow and Grief for to complain,
 I know not when he will return again.
 Be valiant still, &c.
 Now, Dear Madam, if you please
 I'm ready to serve you on my Knees,
 With my Pistol in my Hand,
 Ready to fire at your Command.
 Be valiant still, &c.
 If you chance to miss the Mark,
 Pray load again like a valiant Spark;
 Be sure you mind the last of all. (Balls.
 Ram down your Charge with a Brace of
 Be valiant still, &c. (Main,
 Young Jemmy will cross the raging
 I know not when he will return again,
 I love young Jemmy as my Life,

And fain would be young Jemmy's
 Be valiant still, &c. (Wife.
 If she seem not for to yield,
 Pitch your Tent within the Field;
 Be sure your Pistols soundly charge,
 And throw your Bomb-ball home at
 Be valiant still, &c. (large
 God bleis young Jemmy where'er
 he be,
 And send him Health and Prosperity;
 God bleis him while these Lines I sing
 And likewise George our Sov'reign
 Be valiant still. King

Alcavant's Lamentation for Flora.

HOW hard to me does Fortune
 thus to destroy my Rest (I rove!
 Compell me from the Fair I love,
 for with her I was blest:
 I ne'er did silver heed, or gold,
 my mind on Flora lay;
 She too return'd it triple fold,
 but now I'm forc'd away.
 O my Fate my cruel, cruel Fate,
 To rob me of such Charms,
 Grant me, ye Gods ere it's too late
 A Passport to her Arms.
 Had I my Will of Destiny,
 Or could my Form but change,
 My dwelling should with Flora be
 from her I'd never rang. (my Care
 The virtuous Nymph could ease
 and give all Joy, beside, fear
 That hopes eclips'd now nought but
 and sorrow are my Guide. O my &c
 Hail all ye ruling Powers Sail!
 a wretched Swain pray dear,
 Since adverse Fate has turn'd the Scale
 and forc'd me from my dear.
 Let her retain in mind I ask,
 what she did once repeat:
 If that's for her too hard a Task,
 my woes are then compleat O my &c

Damon and Sylvia.

He. **D**EAR Sylvia no longer my
Passion disdain,

Nor arm thus with Terror those beauti-
ful Eyes. (ful Eyes.

Nor arm thus with Terror those beauti-
They become not Disdain, but most
charming would prove,

If once they were soften'd with Smiles
and with Love. (and with Love.

If once they were soften'd with Smiles
She. Whilst I with a Smile can each
Shepherd subdue, (you

Oh! *Damon*, I must not be soften'd by
Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded

Hour, (Power,
The Pride of each Woman, unlimited

He. Tho' Power, my Dear, be to
Deities given, (Heaven:

Yet generous Friendship's the Darling
And, oh! be that Friendship extended

to me, (but thee.
I'll kneel, and acknowledge Goddess

She. Suppose to your Suit I should
listen awhile, (Smile.

And only for Pity's Sake grant you a
He. Nay, stop not at that, but your

Kindness improve,
And let gentle Pity be ripen'd to Love.

She. Well then, faithless Swain, I'll
examine my Heart, (I'll examine my Heart.

And, if it be possible, grant you a Part.
He. Now that's like yourself, like

an Angel express'd, the rest.
For grant me but Part, and I'll soon steal

She. Take heed, ye fair Maidens,
with Caution believe; deceive:

For Love's an Intruder, and apt to
For when the least Part the fly Urchin

hath gain'd, (obtain'd.
You'll ne'er be at ease till the Whole is

The Gift of the Mill.
WHo has e'er been a Baldock

must need know the Mill,

At the Sign of the Horse, at the foot
of the Hill; (Clown and the Beau,

Where the Grave and the Ghy, the
Without all Distinction promiscuously

go. (so fair,
This Man of the Mill had a Daughter

With so pleasing a Shape and so winn-
ing an Air, (the flood,

That once on the ever-green Bank
I'd have sworn she was Venus just sprung

from the flood
But looking again, I perceiv'd my

Mistake; (Take:
For Venus the fair has the looks of a

While nothing but Vertue and Modesty
fill, (of the Mill.

The more beautiful Looks of the Lass
Prometheus stole Fire, as the Poets say

To enliven the Mass which he modell'd
of Clay: (of her Eyes,

Had Polly been with him, the Beams
Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing

the Skies, (of the Skies,
Tho' thither a Multitude daily repair,

'Tis not for the sake of the Drink, or
the Air, (say what you will,

But the much greater Part, you may
Go to see and admire the sweet Lass

of the Mill. (of the Fair,
Sweet Molley, for that is the Name

Is the Joy of each neighbouring Swain,
and the Care: (the Care:

Her Glances can Warmth to the aged
And the Young are all smitten quite

thorough the Heart.
Were the Goddesses three for the

Apple to give, (stood by,
And chafe me their Passions, if Molly

The Prize should be hers, without
studying about it, (studying about it,

And the Goddesses might trudge to
Heaven without it. (Heaven without it.

Hold, says my Friend, tho' your
Theme is divine,

Give Trace to your Mase, and about
 with the wine, (then fill,
 The Boule is next you, a Bumper
 And we'll all drink a Health to the
 Lais of the Mill. (the Mill,
 Since first I beheld this dear Lais of
 I can ne'er be at quiet, but do what
 I will, (and think still,
 All the Day, and all night, I fight,
 I shall die if I have not the Lais of the
 Mill.

CONSTANCY.

A New Song.

How firmly fix'd I thought my
 heart
 When Phillis first I knew,
 So deep the wound, so sharp the dart,
 I must be ever true.
 Such dawning charms her glances shot,
 Her eyes, such painted rays;
 I sigh'd and wish'd it were my lot
 Eternally to gaze.
 Long did I serve the gentle Dame,
 Pine, languish and adore;
 Till on a time Pastora came,
 And Phillis was no more.
 Pastora seiz'd my heart with Joy,
 Small cause had she to boast;
 For soon the restless wandering Toy,
 Was to Belinda lost.
 I thought Belinda was divine,
 So fair, so gay, so young;
 Belind, I had still been thine,
 If Chloe had not sung,
 For Belvide a next I bled,
 And woo'd her with my tears;
 Till Delia took me in her stead,
 And Amoret in her's.
 Like me, ye swains, your time improve,
 And women's pride will fall;
 Be never true to one in love,
 But constant to them all.

Woo'd and Marry'd and A.

THe Bride came from the Barn,
 And she was dighting her Cheek.
 How can I be married to Day,
 That has neither Blankets nor Sheets.
 I have neither Blankets nor Sheets,
 And wants a Covering too,
 The Bride that has a Thing to borrow
 Has e'en right meckle to dow.

Chorus.

Woo'd and Marry'd and a,
 Marry'd and Woo'd and a,
 And was not she very well off,
 That was Woo'd and Married and a
 First spake the Bride's Mother,
 De'il stick a this Pride,
 I had not a Plack in my Pocket
 The Day that I was a Bride.
 My Gown was Linsey Winsley
 And never a Sark at a
 And you have Gowns and Buskins
 Mair than ane or twa

Woo'd and Marry'd, &c.

Then spake the Bride's Father
 As he came in frae the Plough,
 Had your Tongue my Daughter
 And you'll get Gear enough
 The Stirk that gangs on the Tether
 And our braw bassen'd yade
 To lead your Corn in Harvest
 What wad ye hae mair ye Jade.

Woo'd and Married, &c.

What's the matter quoth Donald
 Though we be scarce of Claiths
 We'll creep the closer together,
 And fley away the Flaes
 The Summer is coming on
 And we'll get Puckles of woo
 We'll see a Lais of our ain
 And she'll spin Blankets enough

Woo'd and Marry'd, &c.

W